DELIA

AND

ROSAMOND

augmented.

CLEOPATRA.

By *Samuell Daniell.*

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

AT LONDON,
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1595.

To the Right honorable, the Lady *Mary*, Counteſſe of Pembrooke.

WOnder of theſe, glory of other times,
O thou whō Enuy eu'n is forſt t'admire:
Great Patroneſſe of theſe my humble Rymes,
Which thou frō out thy greatnes dooſt inſpire:
Sith onely thou haſt deign'd to raiſe them higher,
Vouchſafe now to accept them as thine owne,
Begotten by thy hand, and my deſire,
Wherin my Zeale, & thy great might is ſhown.
And ſeeing this vnto the world is knowne,
O leaue not ſtill to grace thy worke in mee:
Let not the quickning ſeede be ouer-throwne,
Of that which may be borne to honour thee.
Whereof, the trauaile I may challenge mine,
But yet the glory, (Madam) muſt be thine.

TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

VNto the boundles Ocean of thy beautie,
Runs this poore riuer, charg'd w streams of zeale,
Returning thee the trybute of my duty,
which here my loue, my youth, my plaints reueale.
Heere I vnclaſpe the booke of my charg'd ſoule,
Where I haue caſt th'accounts of all my care:
Heere haue I ſumm'd my ſighes; here I enrole
How they were ſpent for thee, looke what they are.
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And ſee how iuſt I reckon with thine eyes:
Examine well thy beauty with my truth,
And croſſe my cares ere greater ſummes ariſe.
Read it (ſweet maid,) though it be done but ſlightly,
Who can ſhew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

SONNET. II.

GOE wayling verſe, the infants of my loue,
Minerua-like, brought foorth without a mother;
Preſent the Image of the cares I proue,
Witties your Fathers griefe exceedes all other.
Sigh out a ſtory of her cruell deedes,
With inter-rupted accents of diſpaire:
A monument that whoſoeuer reedes,
May iuſtly praiſe, and blame my louelesſe Fayre.
Say her diſdaine hath dryed vp my blood,
And ſtarued you, in ſuccours ſtill denying:
Preſſe to her eyes, importune me ſome good,
Waken her ſleeping pitty with your crying.
Knock at her hard hart, beg till you haue mou'd her,
And tell th'vnkind, how deerely I haue lou'd her.

If

SONNET. III.

IF ſo it hap, this of-ſpring of my care,
These fatall Antheames, ſad and mournful ſongs,
Come to their view, who like afflicted are,
Ah let them ſigh theyr own, & mone my wrongs.
But vntoucht harts, with vnaffected eye,
Approch not to behold ſo great diſtreſſe:
Cleer-ſighted you, ſoone note what is awry.
Whilſt blinded ones mine errours neuer geſſe.
You blinded ſoules whom youth and errors leade,
You out-caſt Eaglets, dazeled with your ſunne:
Ah you, and none but you my ſorrowes reade,
You beſt can iudge the wrongs that ſhe hath done.
That ſhe hath done, the motiue of my paine,
Who whilſt I loue, doth kill me with diſdaine.

SONNET. IIII.

THese plaintive verſe, the Poſts of my deſire,
Which haſte for ſuccour to her ſlow regard:
Beare not report of any ſlender fire,
Forging a griefe to winne a fames reward.
Nor are my paſſions lymnd for outward hewe,
For that no colours can depaint my ſorrowes:
DELIA her ſelfe, and all the world may view
Beſt in my face, wher cares hath till'd deep furrows
No Bayes I ſeeke to deck my mourning brow,
O cleer-eyde Rector of the holy Hill:
My humble accents beare the Olive bough,
Of interceſſion to a Tyrants will.
Theſe lines I vſe, t'vnburthen mine owne hart,
My loue affects no fame, nor ſleeues of Art.

whilst

SONNET. V.

WHilſt youth and error led my wandring minde,
and ſet my thoughts in heedles waies to range:
All vnawares, a Goddeſſe chaſte I finde,
(*Diana*-like) to worke my ſuddaine change.
For her no ſooner had mine eye bewraid,
But with diſdaine to ſee mee in that place:
With faireſt hand, the ſweet vnkindeſt maid,
Caſts water-cold diſdaine vpon my face.
Which turn'd my ſport into a Harts deſpaire,
Which ſtill is chac'd, while I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts; ſette on me by my faire:
My thouhgts(like hounds)purſue me to my death
Thoſe that I foſtred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murder thus theyr Lord.

Fayre

SONNET. VI.

FAyre is my loue, and cruell as ſh'is fayre;
Her brow ſhades frowns, althogh her eies are ſũny
Her ſmiles are lightning, though her pride diſpaire;
And her diſdaines are gall, her fauours hunny.
A modeſt mayde, deckt with a bluſh of honour,
Whoſe feet do tread green pathes of youth & loue
The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her:
Sacred on earth, deſign'd a Saint aboue.
Chaſtity and Beauty, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow:
And had ſhe pitty to conioyne with thoſe,
Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now.
O had ſhee not beene fayre, and thus vnkind,
My Muſe had ſlept, & none had known my minde.

O

SONNET. VII.

O Had ſhee not beene faire and thus vnkind,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightnes:
The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,
And cloudes obſcure had ſhaded ſtil her brightnes
Then had no Cenſors eye theſe lynes ſuruaide,
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muſe ſo vaine
No ſunne my bluſh and errour had bewraid,
Nor yet the world had heard of ſuch diſdaine.
Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
No downe-caſt looke had ſignified my miſſe:
But my degraded hopes, with ſuch diſgrace
Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this:
For being full, ſhould I not then haue ſpoken,
My ſence oppreſs'd, had faild, and hart had broken.

Thou

SONNET. VIII.

THou poore hart ſacrifiz'd vnto the faireſt,
Haſt ſent the incens of thy ſighes to heauen:
And ſtill againſt her frownes freſh vowes repaireſt
And made thy paſſions with her beauty euen.
And you mine eyes, the agents of my hart,
Told the dumbe meſſage of my hidden greife:
And oft with carefull turnes, with ſilent Arte,
Did treat the cruell Fayre to yeeld relieſe.
And you my verſe, the Aduocates of loue,
Haue followed hard the proceſſe of my caſe:
And vrg'd that tyle which doth plainly proue,
My faith ſhould win, if iuſtice might haue place.
Yet though I ſee, that nought we doe can moue her,
Tis not diſdaine muſt make me ceaſe to loue her.

If

SONNET. IX.

IF thys be loue, to drawe a weary breath,
Paint on floods, till the ſhore cry to th'ayre:
With downward lookes, ſtill reading on the earth,
The ſad memorials of my loues deſpayre.
If this be loue, to warre againſt my ſoule,
Lye downe to waile, riſe vp to ſigh and grieue,
The neuer-reſting ſtone of care to roule,
Still to cõplaine my griefes, whilſt none relieue.
If this be loue, to cloathe me with darke thoughts,
Haunting vntroden pathes to waile apart;
My pleaſures horror, Muſique tragick notes,
Teares in mine eyes, and ſorrow at my hart.
If thys be loue, to liue a liuing death,
O then loue I, and drawe this weary breath.

O

SONNET. X.

O Then loue I, and draw this weary breath,
For her the cruell Fayre, within whoſe brow,
I written finde the ſentence of my death,
In vnkind letters; wrought ſhe cares not how.
O thou that rul'ſt the confines of the night,
Laughter-louing goddeſſe, worldly pleaſures
Intenerat that hart that ſets ſo light, (Queene,
The trueſt loue that euer yet was ſeene.
And cauſe her leaue to tryumph in this wiſe,
Vpon the proſtrate ſpoyle of that poore hart:
That ſerues a Trophey to her conquering eyes,
And muſt theyr glory to the world impart.
Once let her know, ſh'hath don enough to proue me
And let her pitty if ſhe cannot loue me.

Teares,

SONNET. XI.

TEares, vowes and prayers, winne the hardeſt hart,
Teares, vowes and prayers, haue I ſpent in vaine,
Teares cannot ſoften Flint, nor vowes conuart,
Prayers preuaile not with a quaint diſdaine.
I loſe my teares, where I haue loſt my loue,
I vowe my faith, where faith is not regarded,
I pray in vaine, a merciles to moue:
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded;
Yet though I cannot win her will with teares,
Though my ſoules Idoll ſcorneth all my vowes,
Though all my prayers be to ſo deafe eares,
No fauour though the cruell faire allowes,
Yet will I weepe, vowe, pray to cruell ſhee:
Flint, froſt, diſdaine, weares, melts, and yeelds we ſee.

My

SONNET. XII.

MY ſpotleſſe loue hoouers with pureſt wings,
About the temple of the proudeſt frame:
Where blaze thoſe lights fayreſt of earthly things,
Which cleere our clowded world with brighteſt flame.
M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honour but what ſhe can giue,
My hopes doe reſt in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort vnleſſe ſhe relieue,
For ſhe that can my hart imparadize,
Holds in her faireſt hand what deereſt is,
My fortunes wheele's the circle of her eyes,
Whoſe rowling grace deigne once a turne of bliſs.
All my liues ſweet conſiſts in her alone,
So much I loue the moſt valouing one.

Behold

SONNET. XIII.

BEhold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame,
And carue his propper griefe vpon a ſtone,
My heauy fortune is much like the ſame,
I worke on Flint, and that's the cauſe I mone.
For hapleſſe loe euen with mine owne deſires,
I figured on the Table of mine hart,
The faireſt forme, that all the world admires,
And ſo did perriſh by my proper arte.
And ſtill I toyle, to change the Marble breaſt
Of her, whoſe ſweeteſt grace I doe adore,
Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my reſt,
Hard is her hart, and woe is me therefore.
O happy he that ioy'd his ſtone and arte,
Vnhappy I to loue a ſtony hart.

SONNET. XIIII.

THose snary locks, are those same nets (my Deere,)
Where-with my libertie thou didst surprize;
Loue was the flame that fired me so neere,
The Dart transpearsing, were those Christall eyes.
Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame;
Deepe is the wound my sighes doe well report:
Yet doe I loue, adore, and praise the same,
That holds, that burnes, & wounds me in this sort.
And list not seeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bond, the flame, the wound that festreth so,
By knife, by liquor, or by salue to deale:
So much I please to perrish in my woe.
Yet least long trauailes be aboue my strength,
Good DELIA lose, quench, heale me now at length.

If

SONNET. XV.

IF that a loyall hart and fayth vnfained,
If a ſweet languiſh with a chaſt deſire,
If hunger-ſtaruen thoughts ſo long retained,
Fed but with ſmoake, and cheriſht but with fire.
And if a brow with cares characters painted,
Bewraies my loue, with brokē words halfe ſpoken
To her that ſits in my thoughts Temple ſainted,
And layes to view my Vultar-gnawne hart open.
If I haue done due homage to her eyes,
And had my ſighes ſtill tending on her name.
If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
And ſhe (th'vnkindeſt mayd) ſtill ſcornes the ſame,
Let this ſuffiſe, that all the world may ſee,
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt muſt bee.

SONNET. XVI.

HAppy in ſleepe, waking content to languiſh,
Imbracing clowdes by night, in day time mourne
My ioyes but ſhadows, touch of truth my anguiſh
Griefes euer ſpringing, comforts neuer borne.
And ſtill expecting when ſhe will relent,
Growne hoarce with crying mercy, mercy gyue;
So many vowes, and prayers hauing ſpent,
That weary of my ſelfe, I loathe to lyue.
And yet the Hydra of my cares renewes,
Still new-borne ſorrowes of her freſh diſdaine:
And ſtill my hope the Sommer windes purſues,
Finding no end nor period of my paine.
This is my ſtate, my griefes doe touch ſo neerely,
And thus I liue becauſe I loue her deerely.

Why

SONNET. XVII.

WHy ſhould I ſing in verſe, why ſhould I frame,
These ſad neglected notes for her deere ſake?
Why ſhould I offer vp vnto her name,
The ſweeteſt ſacrifice my youth can make?
Why ſhould I ſtriue to make her liue for euer,
That neuer deignes to giue me ioy to liue?
Why should m'afflicted Muſe ſo much endeuour,
Such honour vnto cruelrie to giue?
If her defects haue purchaſt her this fame,
What ſhould her vertues doe, her ſmiles, her loue?
If this her worſt, how ſhould her beſt inflame?
What paſſions would her milder fauours moue?
Fauours (I thinke) would fence quite ouer-come,
And that makes happy Louers euer dombe.

SONNET. XVIII.

SInce the first looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts-maze, to my confusion tending:
Still haue I liu'd in griefe, in hope, in error,
The circle of my sorrowes neuer ending.
Yet cannot leaue her loue that holds me hatefull,
Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines me;
See what reward he hath that serues ỹ vngratefull,
So true and loyall loue ho fauour gaines me.
Still must I whet my young desires abated,
Vpon the Flint of such a hart rebelling;
And all in vaine, her pride is so innated,
Shee yeeldes no place at all for pittyes dwelling.
Oft haue I told her that my soule did loue her,
(And that with teares,) yet all this will not moue her.

Restore

SONNET. XIX.

REstore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
Yeeld *Cithereas* sonne those Arkes of loue;
Bequeath the heauens the starrs that I adore,
And to th'Orient doe thy Pearles remoue.
Yeeld thy hands pride vnto th'Iuory white,
T'Arabian odors giue thy breathing sweete:
Restore thy blush vnto *Aurora* bright,
To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete,
Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her resign'd,
And thy sweet voyce giue backe vnto ẏ Spheares;
But yet restore thy fierce and cruell minde,
To *Hyrean* Tygers, and to ruthles Beares.
Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

If

SONNET. XX.

IF Beauty thus be clowded with a frowne,
That pitty ſhines no comfort to my bliſs,
And vapours of diſdaine ſo ouer-growne,
That my liues light thus wholy darkned is.
Why ſhould I more moleſt the world with cryes?
The ayre with ſighes, the earth below with teares?
Sith I liue hatefull to thoſe ruthleſſe eyes,
Vexing with vntun'd moane her dainty eares.
If I haue lou'd her deerer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it:
And ſtill muſt hold her deere till after death.
And if that all this cannot moue a whit,
Yet let her ſay, that ſhe hath done me wrong,
To vſe me thus, and know I lou'd ſo long.

Come

SONNET. XXI.

COme Death the anchor-hold of all my thoughts,
My laſt reſort whereto my ſoule appeales,
For all too long on earth my fancy dotes,
Whilſt age vpon my waſted body ſteales.
That hart being made the proſpectiue of horror,
That honored hath the cruelſt faire that liues,
The cruelſt faire, that ſees I languiſh for her,
Yet neuer mercy to my merrite giues,
Thys is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,
To tread me downe with ſoote of her diſgrace:
Whilſt I did build my fortune in her eyes,
And layd my liues reſt on ſo faire a face;
Which reſt I loſt, my loue, my life and all,
So high attempts to low diſgraces fall.

Theſe

SONNET. XXII.

THeſe ſorrowing ſighes, ỹ ſmoakes of mine annoy,
Theſe teares, which heate of ſacred flame diſtils,
Are thoſe due tributes that my faith doth pay
Vnto the Tyrant, whoſe vnkindnes kils.
I ſacrifize my youth, and blooming yeeres,
At her proude feete, and ſhe reſpects not it:
My flowre vntimely's withred with my teares,
And Winter woes, for ſpring of youth vnfit.
Shee thinks a looke may recompence my care,
And ſo with lookes, prolongs my long-lookt eaſe,
As ſhort that bliſſe, ſo is the comfort rare,
Yet muſt that bliſſe my hungry thoughts appeaſe.
Thus ſhe returnes my hopes ſo fruitleſſe euer,
Once let her loue indeed, or eye me neuer,

Falſe

SONNET. XXIII.

FAlſe Hope prolongs my euer-certaine griefe,
Traytour to me, and faithfull to my Loue:
A thouſand times it promis'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.
Oft when I find in her no truth at all,
I banniſh her, and blame her trecherie;
Yet ſoone againe I muſt her backe recall,
As one that dyes without her companie.
Thus often as I chaſe my hope from mee,
Straight-way ſhe haſtes her vnto DELIAS eyes,
Fed with ſome pleaſing looke there ſhall ſhee bee,
And ſo ſent backe, and thus my fortune lyes.
Lookes feede my Hope, Hope foſters me in vaine,
Hopes are vnſure, when certaine is my paine.

Looke

SONNET. XXIIII.

LOoke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourne,
From care to care that leades a life ſo bad;
Th'Orphan of Fortune, borne to be her ſcorne,
Whoſe clowded brow doth make my dayes ſo ſad
Long are their nights whoſe cares doe neuer ſleepe,
Lothſome their dayes, whom no ſunne euer ioyd,
Her faireſt eyes doe penetrate ſo deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyd.
But ſith the ſweeteſt roote doth yeeld thus much,
Her praiſe from my complaint I may not part:
I loue th'effect for that the cauſe is ſuch,
Ile praiſe her face, and blame her flinty hart.
Whilſt that we make the world admire at vs,
Her for diſdaine, and me for louing thus.

Raigne

SONNET. XXV.

RAigne in my thoughts faire hande, ſweete eye, rare voyce,
Poſſes me whole, my harts triumvirate:
Yet heauy hart to make ſo hard a choyſe,
Of ſuch as ſpoile thy poore afflicted ſtate.
For whilſt they ſtriue which ſhall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is troden downe:
They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
And yeeld me nought & giues thē their renowne.
When backe I looke, I ſigh my freedome paſt,
And waile the ſtate wherein I preſent ſtand;
And ſee my fortune euer like to laſt,
Finding me rain'd with ſuch a heauie hand;
What can I do but yeeld? and yeeld I doo,
And ſerue all three, and yet they ſpoyle me too.

Whilſt

SONNET. XXVI.

Alluding to the Sparrow purſued by a Hawke, that flew into the boſome of Zenocrates.

WHilſt by her eyes purſu'd, my poore hart flew it,
Into the ſacred boſome of my deereſt:
Shee there in that ſweet ſanctuarie flew it,
Where it preſum'd his ſaferie to be neereſt.
My priuiledge of faith could not protect it,
That was with blood & three yeres witnes ſigned
In all which time ſhee neuer could ſuſpect it,
For well ſhee ſawe my loue, and how I pined.
And yet no comfort would her brow reueale me,
No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth;
What bootes to lawes of ſuccour to appeale mee?
Ladies and Tyrants, neuer lawes reſpecteth.
Then there I die, where hop'd I to haue liuen;
And by that hand, which better might haue giuen.

Still

SONNET. XXVII.

STill in the trace of my tormented thought,
My ceaſeleſſe cares muſt march on to my death?
Thy leaſt regard too dearelie haue I bought,
Who to my comfort neuer deign'ſt a breath.
Why ſhould'ſt ỹ ſtop thine eares now to my cryes,
Whoſe eyes were open, ready to oppreſſe me?
Why ſhutt'ſt thou not ỹ cauſe whence all did riſe,
Or heare me now, and ſeeke how to redreſſe me?
Iniurious DELIA, yet Ile loue thee ſtill,
Whilſt that I breathe in ſorrow of my ſmart:
Ile tell the world that I deſeru'd but ill,
And blame my ſelfe for to excuſe thy hart.
Then iudge who ſinnes the greater of vs twaine,
I in my loue, or thou in thy diſdaine.

Oft

SONNET. XXVIII.

OFt doe I meruaile, whether DELIAS eyes,
Are eyes, or els two radiant ſtarres that ſhine:
For how could Nature euer thus deuiſe,
Of earth on earth a ſubſtance ſo diuine.
Starrs ſure they are, whoſe motions rule deſires,
And calme and tempeſt follow their aſpects:
Their ſweet appearing ſtill ſuch power inſpires,
That makes the world admire ſo ſtrange effects.
Yet whether fixt or wandring ſtarrs are they,
Whoſe influence rule the Orbe of my poore hart?
Fixt ſure they are, but wandring make me ſtray,
In endles errors, whence I cannot part.
Starrs then, not eyes, moue you with milder view,
Your ſweet aſpect on him that honours you.

The

SONNET. XXIX.

THE ſtarre of my miſhap impoſd this paine,
To ſpend the Aprill of my yeeres in wayling,
That euer found my fortune in the wayne,
With ſtill freſh cares my preſent woes aſſayling.
Yet her I blame not, though for her tis done,
But my deſires wings ſo high aſpyring,
Which now are melted by that glorious Sunne,
That makes me fall from off my hie deſiring.
And in my fall, I cry for helpe with ſpeed.
No pittying eye lookes backe vpon my mourning,
No ſuccour finde I now when moſt I need,
Th'Ocean of my teares muſt drown my burning.
Whilſt my diſtreſſe ſhall chriſten her anew,
And giue the *Cruell Faire* this title due.

SONNET. XXX.

AND yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th'attempt presuming so to sore,
The mounting venter for a high delight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore?
Daunger hath honour, great designes their fame,
Glorie doth follow, courage goes before.
And though th'euent oft aunswers not the same,
Suffise that high attempts haue neuer shame.
The meane obseruer, (whom base Safety keepes,)
Liues without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternall darknes euer sleepes.
And therefore DELIA, tis to me no blot,
To haue attempted, though attain'd thee not.

Rayſing

SONNET. XXXI.

RAyſing my hopes on hills of high deſire,
Thinking to ſcale the heauen of her hart,
My ſlender meanes preſum'd too high a part;
Her thunder of diſdaine forſt me retyre,
And threw mee downe to paine in all this fire,
Where loe I languiſh in ſo heauie ſmart,
Becauſe th'attempt was farre aboue my árte:
Her pride brook'd not poore ſoules ſhold come ſo nie her.
Yet I proteſt my high aſpyring will,
Was not to diſpoſſeſſe her of her right:
Her ſoueraignty ſhould haue remained ſtill,
I onely ſought the bliſſe to haue her ſight.
Her ſight contented thus to ſee mee ſpill,
Fram'd my deſires fit for her eyes to kill.

SONNET. XXXII.

O Why doth DELIA credite so her glasse,
Gazing her beautie deign'd her by the skyes?
And doth not rather looke on *him* (alas)
whose state best shewes ỹ force of smuthering ties
The broken tops of lofty trees declare,
The furie of a mercy wanting storme:
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Vpon my selfe you best may find the forme.
Then leave your glasse, and gaze your selfe on mee,
That Mirror shewes what power is in your face:
To view your forme too much, may danger thee,
Narcissus chang'd t'a flower in such a case.
And you are chang'd but not t'a Hiacint,
I feare your eye hath turn'd your heart so flint.

SONNET. XXXIII.

I Once may ſee when yeres ſhall wreck my wrong,
When golden hayres ſhall change to ſiluer wier:
And theſe bright rayes that kindle all this fire,
Shall faile in force, their working not ſo ſtrong.
Then beautie, (now the burthen of my ſong,)
Whoſe glorious blaze the world doth ſo admire,
Muſt yeeld vp all to tyrant Times deſire;
Thē fade theſe flowers ỳ deckt her pride ſo long.
When, if ſhee grieue to gaze her in the glaſſe,
Which, then preſents her winter-withered hew,
Goe you my verſe, goe tell her what ſhe was;
For what ſhee was ſhee beſt ſhall finde in you.
Your fierie heate lets not her glorie paſſe,
But (Phenix-like) ſhall make her liue anew,

SONNET. XXXIIII.

LOoke *Delia* how we ſteeme the half blowne Roſe,
The image of thy bluſh, and Sommers honour:
Whilſt in her tender greene ſhee doth incloſe,
The pure ſweet beauty Time beſtowes vpon her.
No ſooner ſpreades her glory in the ayre,
But ſtraight her ful-blowne pride is in declining
Shee then is ſcorn'd that late adorn'd the fayre:
So clowdes thy beauty after faireſt ſhining.
No Aprill can reuiue thy withred flowers,
Whoſe blooming grace adornes thy glory now:
Swift ſpeedy Time, feathred with flying howers,
Diſſolues the beautie of the faireſt brow.
O let not then ſuch riches waſte in vaine,
But loue whilſt that thou maiſt be lou'd againe.

But,

SONNET. XXXV.

BVT loue whilſt that thou maiſt be lou'd againe,
Now whilſt thy May hath fill'd thy lap wᵗʰ flowers
Now whilſt thy beauty beares without a ſtaine;
Now vſe thy Sommer ſmiles, ere Winter lowers.
And whilſt thou ſpread'ſt vnto the ryſing ſunne,
The faireſt flowre that euer ſaw the light,
Now ioy thy time before thy ſweet be done,
And (*Delia*,) think thy morning muſt haue night.
And that thy brightnes ſeis at length to Weſt,
When thou wilt cloſe vp ẏ which now ȳ ſhoweſt
And thinke the ſame becomes thy fading beſt,
Which then ſhall hide it moſt, and couer loweſt.
Men doe not wey the ſtalke for that it was,
When once they find her flowre her glory paſſe.

When

SONNET. XXXVI.

WHen men ſhall finde thy flower, thy glory paſſe,
And thou with careſull brow ſitting alone:
Receiued haſt this meſſage from thy glaſſe,
That tells the truth, and ſaies that all is gone;
Freſh ſhalt thou ſee in mee the wounds thou madeſt,
Though ſpent thy flame, in me ỹ heat remaining,
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadeſt,
My faith ſhall waxe, when thou art in thy waining
The world ſhall finde this myracle in mee,
That fire can burne when all the matter's ſpent:
Then what my faith hath beene thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee,
And that thou waſt vnkind, thou maiſt repent.
Thou maiſt repent that thou haſt ſcorn'd my teares,
When winter ſnowes vpon thy golden haires.

When

SONNET. XXXVII.

WHen Winter ſnowes vpon thy golden haires,
And froſt of age hath nipt thy flowers neere,
When dark ſhal ſeeme thy day that neuer cleeres,
And all lies withred that was held ſo deere.
Then take this picture which I heere preſent thee,
Limned with a Penſill not all vnworthy:
Heere ſee the gifts that God and nature lent thee,
Heare reade thy ſelfe, and what I ſuffred for thee.
This may remaine thy laſting monument,
Which happily poſteritie may cherriſh,
Theſe colours with thy fading are not ſpent,
Theſe may remaine when thou & I ſhall perriſh.
If they remaine, then thou ſhalt liue thereby,
They will remaine, and ſo thou canſt not die.

Thou

SONNET. XXXVIII.

THou canſt not die whilſt any zeale abound
In feeling harts, that can conceiue theſe lynes;
Though thou a *Laura* haſt no *Petrarch* found,
In baſe attyre, yet cleerely Beauty ſhines.
And I (though borne within a colder clime,)
Doe feele mine inward heate as great, (I know it,)
Hee neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better show it.
But I may adde one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the faireſt Ile,
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then shouldſt thou liue in an immortall ſtile.
For though that *Laura* better limned bee,
Suffiſe, thou shalt be lou'd as well as shee.

O

SONNET. XXXIX.

O Be not grieu'd that theſe my papers ſhould
Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art:
Or that my wits haue ſhewed the beſt they could.
(The chaſteſt flame that euer warmed hart)
Thinke not(ſweet DELIA,)this ſhall be thy ſhame,
My Muſe ſhould ſound thy praiſe with mournfull warble,
How many liue,ỹ glory of whoſe name,
Shall reſt in Iſe,when thine is grau'd in Marble.
Thou maiſt in after ages liue eſteem'd,
Vnburied in theſe lines reſeru'd in purenes;
Theſe ſhal intombe thoſe eyes,that haue redeem'd
Mee from the vulgar,thee from all obſcurenes.
Although my carefull accents neuer moou'd thee,
Yet count it no diſgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

DELIA.

SONNET. XL.

DELIA, theſe eyes that ſo admireth thine,
Haue ſeene thoſe walls the which ambition reared
To check the world, how they intombd haue lyen
Within thēſelues; & on them ploughes haue eared
Yet found I that no barbarous hand attaind,
The ſpoyle of fame deſerv'd by vertuous men:
Whoſe glorious actions luckily had gaind,
Th'eternall Annals of a happy pen.
Why thē though DELIA fade, let ỹ not moue her,
Though time doe ſpoile her of the faireſt vaile
That euer yet mortalitie did couer;
Which muſt inſtarre the needle and the Raile.
That grace, that vertue, all that ſerv'd t'in-woman,
Dooth thee vnto eternitie aſſommon.

Faire

SONNET. XLI.

FAyre and louely mayde, looke from the shore,
See thy *Leander* striuing in these waues:
Poore soule quite spent, whose force can doe no more,
Now send forth hopes, for now calme pitty saues.
Add waft him to thee with those louely eyes,
A happy conuoy to a holy Land:
Now shewe thy power, and where thy vertue lyes,
To saue thine owne, stretch out the fairest hand.
Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace,
That hand that darts so right and neuer misses:
I shall forget old wrongs, my greefes shall cease,
And that which gaue me wounds, Ile giue it kisses
O then let th'Ocean of my care find shore,
That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

Read

SONNET. XLII.

READE in my face a volume of diſpayres,
The wailing Iliads of my tragicke woe;
Drawne with my blood, & printed with my cares,
Wrought by her hand that I haue honour'd ſo.
Who whilſt I burne, ſhee ſings at my ſoules wrack,
Looking aloft from Turret of her pride:
There my ſoules Tyrant ioyes her, in the ſack
Of her owne ſeate, whereof I made her guide.
There doe theſe ſmoakes that from affliction riſe,
Serue as an incenſe to a cruell Dame;
A ſacrifice thrice-gratefull to her eyes,
Becauſe their powre ſerue to exact the ſame.
Thus ruines ſhee (to ſatisfie her will,)
The Temple, where her name was honour'd ſtill.

My

SONNET. XLIII.

MY DELIA hath the waters of mine eyes,
The ready handmaids on her grace attending:
That neuer fall to ebbe, but euer rise,
For to their flow shee neuer grants an ending.
Th'Ocean neuer did attend more dulie
Vpon his soueraignes course, ỹ nights pale Queen
Nor paid the impost of his waues more truely,
Then mine vnto her Deitie haue been.
Yet naught the rock of that hard hart can moue,
Where beate these teares w̃ zeale, & fury driueth,
And yet I rather languish in her loue,
Then I would ioy the faireſt shee that liueth.
I doubt to finde such pleasure in my gayning,
As now I taste, in compasse of complayning.

How

SONNET. XLIIII.

HOwe long shall I in mine affliction mourne?
A burthen to my selfe, distrest in mind,
When shall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out dispaire wherein they liue confin'd?
When shal her troubled brow, charg'd with disdaine
Reueale the treasure which her smyles impart?
When shall my faith the happines attaine,
To breake the Ise that hath congeald her hart?
Vnto herselfe, herselfe my loue doth sommon,
(If loue in her hath any power to moue,)
And let her tell me as shee is a woman,
VVhether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue.
I know shee cannot but must needs confesse it,
Yet deigns not with one simple signe t'expresse it.

SONNET. XLV.

BEautie(ſweet Loue,)is like the morning dewe,
Whoſe ſhort refreſh vpon the tender greene:
Cheeres for a time but till the Sunne doth ſhew,
And ſtraight tis gone as it had neuer beene.
Soone doth it fade that makes the faireſt floriſh,
Short is the glory of the bluſhing Roſe:
The hewe which thou ſo carefully doſt nouriſh,
Yet which at length thou muſt be forc'd to loſe.
When thou ſurcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinckles homeward to the earth,
When time hath made a paſport for thy feares,
Dated in age the Kalends of our death.
But ah no more, this hath beene often tolde,
And women griene to thinke they muſt be olde.

SONNET. XLVI.

I Muſt not grieue my Loue, whoſe eyes wold reede
Lynes of delight, wheron her youth might ſmyle,
Flowers haue a time before they come to ſeed,
And ſhee is young, and now muſt ſport the while.
Ah ſport (ſweet Maid) in ſeaſon of theſe yeeres,
And learne to gather flowers before they wither:
And where the ſweeteſt bloſſoms firſt appeares,
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleaſures thither.
Lighten forth ſmyles to cleere the clowded ayre,
And calme the tempeſt which my ſighes do raiſe,
Pittie and ſmiles doe beſt become the faire,
Pittie and ſmiles ſhall yeeld thee laſting praiſe.
I hope to ſay, when all my griefes are gone,
Happie the hart that ſigh'd for ſuch a one.

SONNET. XLVII.

At the Authors going into Italie.

O Whether (poore forſaken) wilt thou goe,
To goe from ſorrow, and thine owne diſtreſſe,
When euery place preſents like face of woe,
And no remoue can make thy ſorrowes leſſe?
Yet goe (forſaken,) leaue theſe woods, theſe playnes,
Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues
Thee and thy loue forlorne, and both diſdaines;
And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceaues.
Seeke out ſome place, and ſee if any place
Can giue the leaſt releaſe vnto thy griefe:
Conuay thee from the thought of thy diſgrace,
Steale from thy ſelfe, and be thy cares own thiefe.
But yet what comfort ſhall I heereby gaine?
Bearing the wound, I needs muſt feele the paine.

SONNET. XLVIII.

This Sonnet was made at the Authors beeing in Italie.

DRawne with th'attractiue vertue of her eyes,
My toucht hart turnes it to that happie coast:
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lyes,
The leuell of my hopes desired most.
There where my DELIA, fairer then the Sunne,
Deckt with her youth wheron y world doth smile
Ioyes in that honour which her eyes have wonne,
Th'eternall wonder of our happy Ile.
Floriſh faire ALBION, glorie of the North,
Neptunes beſt darling, held betweene his armes:
Deuided from the world as better worth,
Kept for himſelfe, defended from all harmes.
Still let diſarmed peace decke her and thee:
And Muſe-foe *Mars*, abroad farre foſtred bee.

Care-

SONNET. XLIX.

CAre-charmer Sleepe, ſonne of the ſable Night,
Brother to death, in ſilent darknes borne:
Relieue my languiſh, and reſtore the light,
With darke forgetting of my cares returne.
And let the day be time enough to mourne,
The ſhipwrack of my ill aduentred youth:
Let waking eyes ſuffiſe to waile their ſcorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.
Ceaſe dreames, th'imaginary of our day deſires,
To modell forth the paſſions of the morrow,
Neuer let ryſing Sunne approue you lyers,
To adde more griefe to agrauate my ſorrow.
Still let mee ſleepe, imbracing clowdes in vaine,
And neuer wake to feele the dayes diſdaine.

SONNET. L.

LET others ſing of Knights and Palladines,
In aged accents, and vntimely words,
Paint ſhadowes in imaginarie lines,
Which wel the reach of their high wits records.
But I muſt ſing of thee, and thoſe faire eyes.
Autentique ſhall my verſe in time to come,
When yet th'vnborne ſhal ſay, Loe where ſhe lies,
Whoſe beauty made him ſpeak ỳ els was dombe.
Theſe are the Arkes the Trophies I erect,
That fortifie thy name againſt old age:
And theſe thy ſacred vertues muſt protect,
Againſt the darke and Times conſuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth they ſhall diſcouer,
Suffiſe, they ſhew I liu'd, and was thy louer.

As

SONNET. LI.

AS to the Roman that would free his Land,
His error was his honour and renowne:
And more the fame of his miſtaking hand,
Then if he had the Tyrant ouer-throwne.
So DELIA hath mine errour made me knowne.
And my deceiu'd attempt, deſeru'd more fame,
Then if I had the victory mine owne:
And thy hard hart had yeelded vp the ſame.
And ſo likewiſe, renowmed is thy blame,
Thy crueltie, thy glorie; ô ſtrange caſe,
That errours ſhould be grac'd that merrite ſhame
And ſinne of frownes bring honor to the face.
Yet happy DELIA that thou waſt vnkinde,
But happier yet, if thou wouldſt change thy minde.

Like

SONNET. LII.

LIke as the Lute, that ioyes or els diſlikes,
As is his arte that playes vpon the ſame,
So ſounds my Muſe, according as ſhee ſtrikes
On my hart-ſtrings, high tun'd vnto her fame,
Her touch doth cauſe the warble of the ſound,
Which heere I yeeld in lamentable wiſe,
A wailing deskant on the ſweeteſt ground,
Whoſe due reports giue honour to her eyes.
Els harſhe my ſtile, vntunable my Muſe,
Hoarce ſounds the voyce ỹ praiſeth not her name,
If any pleaſing reliſh heere I vſe,
Then iudge the world her beauty giues the ſame.
O happy ground that makes the muſique ſuch,
And bleſſed hand that giues ſo ſweet a touch.

None

SONNET. LIII.

NOne other fame myne vnambitious Muſe,
Affected euer, but t'eternize thee:
All other honours doe my hopes refuſe,
Which meaner priz'd and momentarie be.
For God forbid I ſhould my papers blot,
With mercynarie lines, with ſeruile pen:
Prayſing vertues in them that haue them not,
Baſely attending on the hopes of men.
No no, my verſe reſpects nor Thames nor Theaters,
Nor ſeekes it to be knowne vnto the great,
But *Anon* poore in fame, and poore in waters,
Shal haue my ſong where DELIA hath her ſeate.
Anon ſhall be my Thames, and ſhee my ſong,
Ile ſound her name the Riuer all along.

Vnhappy

SONNET. LIIII.

VNhappy pen, and ill accepted papers,
That intimate in vaine my chaſt deſires:
My chaſt deſires, (the euer-burning Tapers,)
Inkindled by her eyes celeſtiall fires.
Celeſtiall fires, and vnreſpecting powers,
That deigne not viewe, the glory of your might:
In humble lines the worke of carefull howres,
The ſacrifice I offer to her ſight.
But ſith ſhee ſcornes her owne, this reſts for mee,
Ile mone my ſelfe, and hide the wrong I haue,
And ſo content me that her frownes ſhould be
To m'infant ſtile the cradle and the graue.
What though my ſelfe no honour get thereby,
Each byrd ſings to her ſelfe, and ſo will I.

Loe

SONNET. LU.

LOE heere the impoſt of a faith vnfayning,
That loue hath paid, and her diſdaine extorted:
Behold the meſſage of my iuſt complaining,
That ſhews the world how much my griefe impor-
Theſe tributarie plaints fraught with deſire (ted.
I ſend thoſe eyes, the cabinets of loue;
The Paradice whereto my hopes aſpire,
From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.
Wherein I thus doe liue, caſt downe from myrth,
Penſiue alone, none but diſpaire about mee,
My ioyes abortiue, periſht at their birth,
My cares long liu'd, and will not die without mee.
This is my ſtate, and DELIAS hart is ſuch;
I ſay no more, I feare I ſaid too much.

FINIS.

NOW each creature ioyes the other,
passing happy dayes and howers,
One byrd reports vnto another,
in the fall of silver showers.
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
hath her bosome decks with flowers.

Whilst the greatest Torch of heauen
with bright rayes warmes FLORAS lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen,
cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereuen,
wants refresh of better hap.

ECCHO, daughter of the Ayre,
(bablyng guest of Rocks and Hills,)
Knowes the name of my fierce Paire,
and sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my dispaire,
whilst that shee her Louer kills.

Whilst that shee (O cruell Maid,)
doth mee and my loue despise,
My loues floriſh is decayed,
that depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obeyd,
and well he ends for loue who dies.

FINIS.

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

(***)

OVT from the horror of Infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghoſt comes heere to plaine
Attended with my ſhame y neuer ſleepes, (it,
The ſpot wherewith my kinde & youth did ſtaine it.
My body found a graue where to containe it,
A ſheete could hide my face, but not my ſin,
For Fame findes neuer tombe t'incloſe it in.

And which is worſe, my ſoule is now denied,
Her tranſport to the ſweet Eliſian reſt,
The ioyfull bliſſe for ghoſtes repurified,
Th'euer-ſpringing Gardens of the bleſt,
Caron denies mee waſtage with the reſt.
And ſayes, my ſoule can neuer paſſe the Riuer,
Till Louers ſighes on earth ſhall it deliuer.

So ſhall I neuer paſſe; for how ſhould I
Procure this ſacrifice amongſt the liuing?
Time hath long ſince worne out the memorie,
Both of my life, and liues vniuſt depriuing,
Sorrow for mee is dead for aye reuiuing.
ROSAMOND hath little left her but her name
And that diſgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd y ſame.

No,

No Muſe ſuggeſts the pittie of my caſe,
Each penne doth ouer-paſſe my iuſt complaint,
Whilſt others are preferd, though farre more baſe;
Shores wife is grac'd, and paſſes for a Saint;
Her Legend iuſtifies her foule attaint.
Her wel-told tale did ſuch compaſſion finde,
That ſhee is paſs'd, and I am left behind.

Which ſeene with griefe, my miſerable ghoſt,
(Whilome inueſted in ſo faire a vaile,
Which whilſt it liu'd, was honoured of the moſt,
And being dead, giues matter to bewaile,)
Comes to ſollicite thee, (ſince others faile,)
To take this taske, and in thy wofull ſong
To forme my caſe, and regiſter my wrong.

Although I know thy iuſt lamenting Muſe,
Toyld in th'affliction of thine owne diſtreſſe,
In others cares hath little time to vſe,
And therefore maiſt eſteeme of mine the leſſe:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redreſſe,
Thy ioyes depending on a womans grace,
So mooue thy minde a wofull womans caſe.

DELIA may hap to deigne to reade our ſtory,
And offer vp her figh among the reſt,
Whoſe merite would ſuffiſe for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'ſt be grac'd, and I be bleſt;
That indulgence would profit me the beſt.
Such power ſhee hath by whom thy youth is led,
To ioy the liuing, and to bleſſe the dead.

For

For age I ſaw, (though yeeres with cold conceit,
Congeald their thoughts againſt a warme deſire,)
Yet ſigh their want, and looke at ſuch a baite.
I ſaw how youth was waxe before the fire.
I ſaw by ſtealth, I fram'd my looks a lyre.
Yet well perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then
The enuie of my ſexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the firſt appearing,
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the ſaddeſt tale at ſuddaine hearing,
Makes ſilent liſtning vnto him that told it,
So did my ſpeech when Rubies did vnfold it.
So did the blazing of my bluſh appeare,
T'amaze the world, that holds ſuch ſights ſo deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchaunting good,
Sweet ſilent rethorique of perſwading eyes:
Dombe eloquẽce, whoſe power doth moue ỹ blood,
More then the words, or wiſedome of the wiſe;
Still harmonie, whoſe diapaſon lies
Within a brow, the key which paſſions moue,
To rauiſh ſence, and play a world in loue.

What might I then not doe whoſe power was ſuch?
What cannot women doe that know their powre?
What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
How bliſſe or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre?
Whilſt they enioy their happy blooming flowre,
Whilſt nature decks her w her proper faire (th'aire
which cheeres the world, ioyes each ſight, ſweetens

Such one was I, my beautie was mine owne,
No borrowed bluſh which banck-rot beauties ſeeke,
That new-found ſhame, a ſinne to vs vnknowne,
Th'adulterate beautie of a falſed cheeke:
Vilde ſtaine to honour, and to women eeke,
Seeing that time our fading muſt deteſt,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, chaſtities abator,
Falſhood, wherein thy ſelfe thy ſelfe denieſt:
Treaſon to counterfeit the ſeale of Nature,
The ſtampe of heauen, impreſſed by the hieſt.
Diſgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lieſt.
Idoll vnto thy ſelfe, ſhame to the wiſe,
And all that honour thee idolatriſe.

Farre was that ſinne from vs whoſe age was pure,
When ſimple beautie was accounted beſt,
The time when women had no other lure
But modeſtie, pure cheekes, a vertuous breſt.
This was the pompe wherwith my youth was bleſt.
Theſe were the weapons which mine honor wun
In all the conflicts which mine eyes begun.

Which were not ſmal, I wrought on no mean obiect
A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obeyed mee,
whō Fortune made my king, Loue made my ſubiect,
Who did cōmand the land, moſt hūbly praid mee,
HENRY the ſecond, that ſo highly weigh'd mee,
Found wel (by proofe) the priuiledge of beauty,
That it had powre to countermaund all dutie.

For

For after all his victories in FRAVNCE,
Triumphing in the honor of his deedes:
Vnmatch'd by sword, was vanquisht by a glaunce,
And hotter warrs within his bosome breeds.
Warrs, whom whole Legions of desires seedes,
Against all which, my chastitie opposes
The field of honour, vertue neuer loses.

No armour might be found that could defend,
Transpearcing rayes of Christall poynted eyes:
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age, (yet old men should be wise.)
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.
Let none for seeming so, think Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue sucke their mothers.

Who would haue thought a Monarch would haue
Obeyed his hand-maide of so meane estate? (curst
Vultur ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worne his pleasure out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.
For such a daintie which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chaunce a-lot.

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutely good,
For that some crosse still counter-checks our luck,
As heere behold th'incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck,
Whose lothing, wee from natures breasts doe suck,
As opposite to what our blood requires.
For equall age, doth equall like desires.

But mighty men, in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold,
Sooth'd in their lyking, careleſſe what is fitting,
May not be ſuffred once to thinke the'are old:
Not truſting what they ſee, but what is told.
  Miſerable fortune to forget ſo farre,
  The ſtate of fleſh, and what our frailties are.

Yet muſt I needes excuſe ſo great defect,
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eyes,
H' is forc'd forget himſelfe, and all reſpect
Of maieſtie, whereon his ſtate relyes:
And now of loues, and pleaſures muſt deuiſe.
  For thus reuiu'd againe, he ſerues and ſu'th,
  And ſeekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by aſſault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in ſtrength of chaſt deſires:
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchaſt louer
The crowne I could commaund what it requires,
I leſſer priz'd then chaſtities attires.
  Th'vnſtained valle, which innocents adorne,
  Th'vngathred Roſe, defended with the thornes.

And ſafe mine honour ſtood, till late in truth,
One of my ſexe, of place and nature bad,
Was ſet in ambuſh to intrap my youth,
One in the habite of like frailty clad,
One who the liu'ry of like weakenes had.
  A ſeeming Matron, yet a ſinfull Monſter,
  As by her words the chaſter ſort may conſter.

Shee ſet vpon mee with the ſmoothest ſpeech
That Court and age could cunningly deuiſe,
Th'one autentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learnt her how to ſubteliſe.
Both were enough to circumuent the wiſe.
A document that well may teach the ſage,
That ther's no truſt in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (ſaid ſhee) behold thy happy chaunce,
That haſt the lot caſt downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou maiſt thy honor great aduaunce,
Whilſt thou vnhappy, wilt not ſee thy hap,
Such fond reſpect thy youth doth ſo inwrap,
T'oppoſe thy ſelf againſt thine own good fortune
That points thee out, & ſeemes thee to importune.

Dooſt thou not ſee, how that thy king (thy *Ioue*)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke eſtate:
And ſhowres downe gold and treaſure from aboue,
Whilſt thou dooſt ſhut thy lap againſt thy fate?
Fie fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; that canſt not ſee
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou muſt not think thy flowre can alwaies floriſh
And that thy beauty will be ſtill admired,
But that thoſe raies which al theſe flames do notriſh
Conceld with Time, will haue their date expired,
And men will ſcorne what now is ſo deſired.
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers
Which floriſh now, and fade euen many howers.

Reade

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wrack of yeeres vpon my aged brow,
I haue beene faire, (I muſt confeſſe the truth,)
And ſtoode vpon as hyce reſpects as thou;
Moſt my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I ſpent in vaine.

But thou haſt yeeres, and priuiledge to vſe them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great ſcale,
Beſides, the law of nature doth excuſe them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iuſt appeale.
Eſteeme not Fame more then thou dooſt thy weale.
Fame(wherof ỳ world ſeems to make ſuch choice)
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voyce.

Then why ſhould this reſpect of honor bound vs,
In th'imaginarie liſts of reputation?
Titles which cold ſeueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe tó recreation:
Melancholics opinion, Cuſtomes relation;
Pleaſures plague, beauties ſcourge, hell to the faire,
To leaue the ſweet, for Caſtles in the ayre.

Pleaſure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honour, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we ſee how many are bereau'd,
Which ſhold haue reap'd the glory they had ſowne.
And many haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.
So breathes his blaſt this many-headed beaſt,
Whereof the wiſeſt haue eſteemed leaſt.

The

The ſubtile Citty-women, better learned,
Eſteeme them chaſt enough that beſt ſeeme ſo:
Who though they ſport, it ſhall not be diſcerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies doe;
Tis warie walking that dooth ſafelieſt goe.
With ſhew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with ſweets, & men with ſhows

Then vſe thy tallant, youth ſhall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy ſports detract:
Thou muſt not fondly thinke thy ſelfe tranſparent,
That thoſe who ſee thy face can iudge thy fact,
Let her haue ſhame that cannot cloſely act.
And ſeeme the chaſt, which is the cheifeſt arte,
For what we ſeeme each ſee, none knows our hart.

The mighty who can with ſuch ſinnes diſpence,
In ſteed of ſhame doe honors great beſtow:
A worthy author doth redeeme th'offence,
And makes the ſcarelet ſinne as white as ſnow.
The Maieſtie that doth deſcend ſo low,
Is now defilde, but pure remaines therein,
And being ſacred, ſanctifies the ſin.

What, dooſt thou ſtand on this, that hee is olde?
Thy beauty hath the more to worke vpon.
Thy pleaſures want ſhall be ſupply'd with gold,
Cold age dotes moſt when heate of youth is gone:
Enticing words preuaile with ſuch a one.
Alluring ſhewes moſt deepe impreſſion ſtrikes,
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere

Heere interupt, ſhee leaues mee in a doubt,
When loe began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reaſons ſtood,
Small my defence to make my party good,
Againſt ſuch powers which were ſo ſurely layd,
To ouer-throw a poore vnskilfull Mayd.

Treaſon was in my bones, my ſelfe conſpiring,
To ſell my ſelfe to luſt, my ſoule to ſin:
Pure-bluſhing ſhame was euen in retiring,
Leauing the ſacred hold it glori'd in.
Honour lay proſtrate for my fleſh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakenes gan vpbray,
Againſt my ſelfe, and ſhame did force me ſay

Ah *Roſamond*, what doth thy fleſh prepare?
Deſtruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame,
Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,
T'intombe with blacke reproch a ſpotted name,
Leauing thy bluſh, the colours of thy ſhame,
Opening thy feete to ſinne, thy ſoule to luſt,
Graceleſſe to lay thy glory in the duſt.

Nay, firſt let th'earth gape wide to ſwallow thee,
And ſhut thee vp in boſome with her dead,
Ere Serpent tempt thee taſte forbidden tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed,
Suffring thy ſelfe by luſt to be miſled:
So to diſgrace thy ſelfe and grieue thine heires,
That *Clyffords* race ſhold ſcorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer

Neuer wiſh longer to inioy the ayre,
Then that thou breath'ſt the breath of chaſtitie:
Longer then thou preſeru'ſt thy ſoule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie.
Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eye,
Where Natures care ſuch rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amiſſe, may ſerue to damne thy ſoule.

But what? hee is my King, and may conſtraine me,
Whether I yeeld or not, I liue defamed,
The world will thinke authoritie did gaine mee,
I ſhall be iudg'd his Loue, and ſo be shamed.
We ſee the faire condemnd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yeeld, tis honourable shame,
If not, I liue diſgrac'd, yet thought the ſame.

What way is left thee then (vnhappy maid)
Whereby thy ſpotleſſe foote may wander out
This dreadful danger which thou ſeeſt is layd,
Wherein thy shame doth compaſſe thee about?
Thy ſimple yeeres cannot reſolue this doubt.
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote ſo euen,
But (in deſpight) ſome ſcandale wil be giuen.

Thus ſtood I ballanc'd equally precize,
Till my fraile fleſh did weigh mee downe to ſin,
Till world and pleaſure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
When to excuſe my fault my luſts begin,
And impious thoughts alledg'd this wantō clauſe,
That though I ſinn'd, my ſin had honeſt cauſe.

So

So well the golden balls caſt downe before mee,
Could entertaine my courſe, hinder my way:
Whereat my reckleſſe youth ſtooping to ſtore me,
Loſt me the gole, the glory, and the day.
Pleaſure had ſet my wel-ſchoold thoughts to play,
And bad mee vſe the vertue of mine eyes,
For ſweetly it fits the fayre to wantoniſe.

Thus wrought to ſin, ſoone was I traind frō Court,
T' a ſolitarie Grange there to attend
The time the King ſhould thether make reſort,
Where he lones long-deſired worke ſhould end.
Thether he daily meſſages doth ſend,
With coſtly Iewels (Orators of loue,)
Which (ah too wel men know) do women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
Hee greets mee with a Casket richly wrought,
So rare, that arte did ſeeme to ſtriue with nature,
T' expreſſe ỹ cunning work-mans curious thought,
The miſtery whereof I prying ſought:
And found engraven on the lidde aboue,
Amymone, how ſhee with *Neptune* ſtroue.

Amymone, old *Danaus* faireſt Daughter,
As ſhee was fetching water all alone
At *Lerna*: whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom ſhee ſtriu'd and ſtrugled to be gone,
Beating the ayre with eyes and pitteous mone.
But all in vaine, with him ſh'is forc'd to goe,
Tis ſhame that men ſhould vſe poore maidens ſo.

There

There might I see described how shee lay,
At those proude feete, not satis-fied with prayer:
Wayling her heauie hap, cursing the day,
In act so pittious to expresse dispaire, (fayre.
And by howe much more grieu'd, so much more
Her teares vpon her cheeks (poore careful gerle)
Did seeme against the sunne christall & pearle.

Whose pure cleere streames, (Wlo so faire appeares)
Wrought hotter flames, (ô miracle of loue,)
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beautie mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue;
To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But crueltie, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing viewd, & therwith somthing moued,
Figured I finde within the other squares,
Trans-formed IO, IOVES deerely loued,
In her affliction how she strangely fares.
Strangely distress'd, (ô beauty, borne to cares)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eyes,
Alwaies in danger of her hatefull spyes.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was showne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what wold ensue,
And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne.
But fate is not preuented, though fore-knowne.
For that musk hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

Witnes

VVitnes the world, wherein is nothing [illegible],
Then miseries vnkend before they come:
VVho can the characters of chaunce discipher,
VVritten in clowdes of our concealed dome?
which though perhaps haue been [illegible]eald to some,
Yet ẏ so doubtful as successe did proue them, (thē.
That men must know they haue ẏ heauens aboue

I saw the sinne wherein my foote was entring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was ventring,
Yet had I not the power for to defend it,
So weake is sence when error hath condemn'd it.
VVe see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we chuse the worst, and soone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere,
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnes,
And dreadful black had dispossess'd the cleere,
Com'd was the Night, mother of sleepe and feare,
Who with her sable mantle freendly couers,
The sweet-stolne sports of ioyful meeting Louers.

When loe, I ioyd my Louer, not my Loue,
And felt the hand of lust most vndesired:
Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter sweet to proue,
Which yeelds no mutuall pleasure when tis hired,
Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

Then

Thou didſt deprive (through falſe ſuggeſting feare)
Him of content, and mee of libertie:
The only good that women hold ſo deere,
And turnſt my freedome to captiuitie,
Firſt made a priſoner, ere an enemie.
Enioynd the rannſome of my bodies ſhame,
Which though I paid, could not redeeme my fame.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to enforce the faire to liue vnſeen?
For what is beautie if it be not ſeene?
Or what is't to be ſeene, vnleſſe admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnleſſe in loue deſir'd?
Neuer were cheekes of Roſes, locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue impriſond in a Chamber.

Nature created beautie for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the ſunne for light,)
The faire doe holde this priuiledge as due
By auncient Charter, to liue moſt in ſight,
And ſhee that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vaine our friends in this vſe their dehorting,
For beauty will be where is moſt reſorting.

Witnes the faireſt ſtreets that Thames doth viſit,
The wondrous concourſe of the glittering fayre,
For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
That thether couets not to make repaire?
The ſolitary Country may not ſtay her.
Heere is the center of all beauties beſt,
Excepting DELIA, left t'adorne the Weſt.

Heere doth the curious with iudiciall eyes,
Contemplate beauty gloriouſly attired,
And heerein all our chiefeſt glory lyes,
To liue where we are prais'd and moſt deſired.
O how we ioy to ſee our ſelues admired,
Whilſt niggardly our fauours we diſcouer,
We loue to be belou'd, yet ſcorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer mou'd
From Country ſafety, from the fields of reſt,
To know the danger to be highly lou'd,
And liue in pompe to braue among the beſt,
Happy for mee, better had I beene bleſt,
If I vnluckily had neuer ſtraide,
But liu'd at home a happy Country Mayde.

Whoſe vnaffected innocencie thinks
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer,
She's deckt with trueth, the Riuer where ſhe drinks,
Doth ſerue her for her glaſſe, her counſell-giuer,
Shee loues ſincerely, and is loued euer.
Her daies are peace, and ſo ſhe ends her breath,
(True life that knowes not what's to die til death.)

So ſhould I neuer haue beene regiſtred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate,
Nor had my name enrold with Mayds miſled,
Which bought theyr pleaſures at ſo hie a rate.
Nor had I taught through my vnhappy fate,
This leſſon, which my ſelfe learnt with expence,
How moſt it hurts that moſt delights the ſence.

Shame

Shame followes ſinne, diſgrace is duly giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer ſo cloſely done,
No walls can hide vs from the eyes of heauen,
For ſhame muſt end what wickednes begun,
Forth breakes reproch when we leaſt think thereon,
And this is euer propper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lyes moſt ſecrete hidden,
Entring the cloſet of the Pallace dweller,
Abroade reuealing what is moſt forbidden,
Of truth and falſhood both an equall teller,
Tis not a guard can ſerue for to expell her.
The ſword of iuſtice cannot cut her wings,
Nor ſtop her mouth from vttring ſecrete things.

And this our ſtealth ſhee could not long conceale,
From her whom ſuch a forfeit moſt concerned:
The wronged Queene, who could ſo cloſely deale,
That ſhe the whole of all our practiſe learned,
And watcht a time when leaſt it was diſcerned,
In abſence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
With ſuch reuenge as ſhee deſired long.

The Labirinth ſhee entred by that threed,
That ſeru'd a conduct to my abſent Lord,
Left there by chaunce, reſeru'd for ſuch a deed,
Where ſhee ſurpriz'd mee whom ſhee ſo abhord.
Enrag'd with madnes, ſcarce ſhee ſpeakes a word,
But flyes with eager furie to my face,
Offring mee moſt vnwomanly diſgrace.

Looke how a Tygreſſe that hath loſt her whelpe,
Runs fiercely raging through the woods aſtray:
And ſeeing herſelfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Furiouſly aſſaults what's in her way,
To ſatiſ-fie her wrath, (not for a pray,)
So fell ſhee on mee in outragious wiſe,
As could diſdaine and iealouſie deuiſe.

And after all her vile reproches vs'd,
Shee forſt mee take the poyſon ſhee had brought,
To end the life that had her ſo abus'd,
And free her feares, and eaſe her iealous thought,
No cruelties her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No ſpightful act that to reuenge is common,
(For no beaſt fiercer then a iealous woman.)

Heere take (ſaith ſhee) thou impudent vncleane,
Baſe graceles ſtrumpet, take this next your hart,
Your loue-ſick hart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
With pleaſures ſurfeite, muſt be purg'd with art,
This potion hath a power that will conuart
To nought thoſe humors that oppreſſe you ſo,
And (girle,) Ile ſee you take it ere I goe.

What ſtand you now amaz'd, retire you back?
Tremble you (minion?) come diſpatch with ſpeed.
There is no help, your Champion now you lack,
And all theſe teares you ſhed wil nothing ſteed;
Thoſe daintie fingers needs muſt doe the deed.
Take it, or I will drench you els by force,
And triſle not, leaſt that I vſe you worſe.

Hauing

Hauing this bloody doome from hellish breath,
My woful eyes on euery side I cast,
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last;
All hope of pittie and of comfort past,
No meanes, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must giue my selfe my end.

Those hands that beauties Ministers had beene,
They must giue death that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
Must now receiue destruction in thereat,
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifize it selfe t'appease the wrong,
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

And shee no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth shee rushes, (proude with victorie,)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
(Death and my selfe alone together be.)
To whom shee did her full reuenge refer.
Ah poore weake conquest both for him & her.

Then straight my Conscience summons vp my sin,
T'appeare before mee in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my soule begin,
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place,
Dectates mine error, and reueales disgrace;
Whilst I remaine oppresst in euery part,
Death in my body, horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my lothſome ſelfe I caſt,
The bed that likewiſe giues in euidence
Againſt my ſoule, and tells I was vnchaſt,
Tells I was wanton, tells I followed ſence,
And therefore caſt by guilt of mine offence,
Muſt heere the right of heauen needs ſatiſ-fie,
And where I wanton lay, muſt wretched die.

Heere I began to waile my hard miſhap,
My ſuddaine, ſtrange vnlookt for miſerie,
Accuſing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue mee ſuch a fall of infamie.
And poore diſtreſſed ROSAMOND, (ſaid I,)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
In Dezerts, where no eare can heare thee morne?

Nor any eye of pittie to behold
The wofull end of my ſad tragedy:
But that thy wrongs vnſeene, thy tale vntold,
Muſt heere in ſecrete ſilence buried lye,
And with thee, thine excuſe together die.
Thy ſin reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy ſhame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to theſe walls the breath of mone,
Tell th'ayre thy plaints ſith men thou canſt not tell.
And though thou periſh deſolate alone,
Tell yet thy ſelfe, what thy ſelfe knowes too well:
Vtter thy griefe wherewith thy ſoule doth ſwell.
And let thy hart, pitty thy harts remorſe,
And be thy ſelfe the mourner and the Corſe.

Condole

Condole thee heere, clad all in black diſpaire,
With ſilence onely, and a dying bed,
Thou that of late, ſo floriſhing, ſo fayre,
Did glorious liue, admir'd and honored:
And now from friends, from ſuccour hether led,
Art made a ſpoile to luſt, to wrath, to death,
And in diſgrace, forſt heere to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (ô for this) deliberate,
To ſhew in thee the glory of her beſt,
Framing thine eye the ſtar of thy ill fate,
And made thy face the foe to ſpoyle the reſt?
O Beautie, thou an enemie profeſt,
To chaſtitie & vs that loue thee moſt, (loſt?
Without thee how w'are loath'd, and with thee

O you that proude with liberty and beauty,
(And ô may wel be proude that you be ſo,)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obſeru'd of dutie,
O that I might to you but ere I goe
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my wo,
To keepe your feet in pure cleane paths of ſhame,
That no inticing may diuert the ſame.

See'ng how againſt your tender weaknes ſtill,
The ſtrength of wit, of gold, and all is bent,
And all th'aſſaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue againſt a chaſte and cleane intent:
Ah let not greatnes worke you to conſent.
The ſpot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge a ſinne forbade.

Lock

Lock vp therefore the treaſure of your loue,
Vnder the ſureſt keyes of feare and ſhame:
And let no powers haue powre chaſt thoughts to moue,
To make a lawleſſe entry on your fame.
Open to thoſe the comfort of your flame,
Whoſe equall loue ſhall martch with equal pace,
In thoſe pure waies that leade to no diſgrace.

For ſee how many diſcontented beds,
Our owne aſpyring, or our Parents pride
Haue caus'd, whilſt that ambition vainely weds
Wealth and not loue, honour and nought beſide:
Whilſt married but to titles we abide
As wedded widdowes, wanting what we haue,
When ſhadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilſt we ſpend the freſheſt of our time,
The ſweet of youth in plotting in the ayre,
Alas how oft we fall, hoping to clime.
Or wither as vnprofitably faire,
Whilſt thoſe decaies which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, ſcorned and reprou'd,
(And ô what are we, if we be not lou'd?)

Faſten therefore vpon occaſions fit,
Leaſt this, or that, or like diſgrace as mine,
Doe ouer-take your youth to ruine it,
And clowde with infamie your beauties ſhine,
Seeing how many ſeeke to vndermine
The treaſury that's vnpoſſeſt of any,
And hard tis kept that is deſir'd of many.

And

And flye, ô flye, theſe Bed-brokers vncleane,
The Monſters of our ſexe, that make a pray
Of theyr owne kinde, by an vnkindly meane,
And euen (like Vipers) eating out a way (they
Thorow th'wombe of their owne ſhame, accurſed
Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of ſin,
The filth of luſt vncleanes wallowes in.

O is it not enough that wee, (poore wee,)
Haue weakenes, beauty, gold, and men our foes,
But we muſt haue ſome of our ſelues to be
Traytors vnto our ſelues, to ioyne with thoſe?
Such as our feeble forces doe diſcloſe,
And ſtill betray our cauſe, our ſhame, our youth,
To luſt, to follie, and to mens vntruth?

Hatefull confounders both of blood and lawes,
Vilde Orators of ſhame, that pleade delight,
Vngracious Agents in a wicked cauſe,
Factors for darknes, meſſengers of night,
Serpents of guile, deuils that doe inuite
The wanton taſte of that forbidden tree, (we be.
Whoſe fruite once pluckt, will ſhewe howe foule

You in the habite of a graue aſpect,
(In credit by the truſt of yeeres) can ſhoe
The cunning waies of luſt, and can direct
The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,
Hauing your lothſome ſelues your youth ſpent ſo,
And in vncleanes, euer haue been fed,
By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By

By you haue beene the innocent betrayed,
The blushing fearefull boldned vnto sin,
The wife made subtile, subtile made the mayd,
The husband scorn'd, dishonored the kin:
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous beene.
Confus'd our race, and falsified our blood,
Whilst fathers sons possesse wrong fathers good.

This, and much more I would haue vttred then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Signd with my blood, subscrib'd w conscience pen,
To warne the faire and beautiful from ill.
And ô I wish (by th'example of my will,)
I had not left this sin vnto the faire,
But dyde intestat to haue had no heire.

But now, the poyson spred through all my vaines,
Gan dispossesse my liuing sences quite:
And naught respecting Death, (the last of paines,)
Plac'd his pale colours, (th'ensigne of his might,)
Vpon his new-got spoyle before his right:
Thence chac'd my soule, setting my day ere noone,
When I least thought my ioyes could end so soone.

And as conuaid t'vntimely funeralls,
My scarce-cold corse not suffred longer stay,
Behold, the King (by chaunce) returning, falls,
T'incounter with the same vpon the way,
As hee repaird to see his deerest ioy.
Not thinking such a meeting could haue beene,
To see his Loue, and seeing beene vnseene.

Iudge

Iudge thoſe whom chance depriues of ſweeteſt wea
What tis to loſe a thing we hold ſo deere, (ſure,
The beſt delight wherein our ſoule takes pleaſure,
The ſweet of life, that penetrates ſo neere.
What paſſions feeles that hart, enforc'd to beare
The deepe impreſſion of ſo ſtrange a ſight?
Tongue, pen, nor arte can neuer ſhew aright.

Amaz'd he ſtands, nor voyce nor body ſteares,
Words had no paſſage, teares no iſſue found,
For ſorrow ſhut vp words, wrath kept in teares,
Confus'd affects each other doe confound,
Oppreſs'd with griefe, his paſſions had no bound.
Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come,
For light care ſpeak, whē mighty griefes are dumb

At length, extreamity breakes out a way,
Through w th'impriſoned voice w teares attended,
Wailes out a ſound that ſorrowes doe bewray,
With armes a-croſſe, and eyes to heauen bended,
Vaporing out ſighes that to the skyes aſcended.
Sighes, (the poore eaſe calamitie affoords,)
which ſerue for ſpeech whē ſorow wanteth words.

O heauens (quoth he) why doe mine eyes behold
The hatefull rayes of this vnhappy ſunne?
Why haue I light to ſee my ſinnes controld,
With blood of mine own ſhame thus vildly done?
How can my ſight endure to looke thereon?
Why doth not black eternall darknes hide,
That from mine eyes, my hart cannot abide?

What

What ſaw my life, wherein my ſoule might ioy,
What had my daies, whom troubles ſtill afflicted,
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which death hath interdicted,
This ſweet, whoſe loſſe hath all diſtreſſe inflicted.
This, that did ſeaſon all my ſowre of life,
Vext ſtill at home with broyles, abroad in ſtrife.

Vext ſtill at home with broyles, abroad in ſtrife,
Diſſention in my blood, iarres in my bed,
Diſtruſt at boord, ſuſpecting ſtill my life,
Spending the night in horror, dayes in dread,
Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led
Theſe miſeries goe mask'd in glittering ſhowes,
Which wiſemen ſee, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as theſe paſsions doe him ouer-whelme,
Hee drawes him neere my body to behold it,
And as the Vine maſried vnto the Elme
With ſtrict imbraces, ſo doth he infold it.
And as hee in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that euen death commends,
On ſenceleſſe lips, millions of kiſſes ſpends.

Pittifull mouth (ſaith he) that liuing gaueſt
The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoule could wiſh,
O be it lawful now that dead thou haueſt,
This ſorrowing far-well of a dying kiſſe.
And you faire eyes, containers of my bliſſe,
Motiues of loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your ſweet circles ſleep for euer,

Ah

Ah how me thinks I ſee Death dallying ſeekes,
To entertaine it ſelfe in Loues ſweet place,
Decayed Roſes of diſcolloured cheekes,
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace:
And vglie death ſits faire within her face,
Sweet remnants reſting of vermillion red,
That Death it ſelfe doubts whether ſhee be dead.

Wonder of beauty, oh receiue theſe plaints,
Theſe Obſequies, the laſt that I ſhall make thee,
For loe, my ſoule that now already faints,
That lou'd thee liuing, dead wil not forſake thee,
Haſtens her ſpeedy courſe to ouer-take thee.
Ile meet my death, and free my ſelfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my ſoule doth vow,
Reuenge ſhall ſweeten death with eaſe of mind,
And I will cauſe poſteritie ſhall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all women kind.
And after ages Monuments ſhall find,
Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,
Roſe of the world that ſweetned ſo the ſame.

This ſaid, though more deſirous yet to ſay,
(For ſorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer,)
Hee doth repreſſe what griefe would els bewray,
Leaſt hee too much his paſſions ſhould diſcouer,
And yet reſpect ſcarce bridles ſuch a Louer.
So farre tranſported that he knew not whether,
For Loue and Maieſtie dwell ill together.

Then

Then were my funeralls not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuiſe,
At *Gadſtow*, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wiſe,
Where yet as now ſcarce any note deſcries
Vnto theſe times the memory of mee,
Marble and Braſſe ſo little laſting bee.

For thoſe walls which the credulous deuo[illegible]
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found,
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
That time their works ſhould euer ſo confound,
Lye like confuſed heapes as vnder-ground.
And what their ignorance eſteem'd ſo holy,
The wiſer ages doe account as folly.

And were it not thy fauourable lynes,
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,
And that thy accents willingly aſsignes,
Some farthar date, and giue me longer dayes,
Few in this age had knowne my beauties praiſe.
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes ſome time,
Till other ages ſhall neglect thy rime.

Then when confuſion in her courſe ſhall bring,
Sad deſolation on the times to come:
Whē mirthleſſe Thames ſhal haue no ſwan to ſing,
All Muſique ſilent, and the Muſes dombe,
And yet euen then it muſt be knowne to ſome,
That once they floriſht, though not cheriſht ſo,
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

But

But heere an end, I may no longer ſtay thee,
I muſt returne t'attend at *Stygian* flood,
Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray thee,
Tell DELIA, now her ſigh may doe mee good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood,
And if I paſſe vnto thoſe happy banks,
Thē ſhe muſt haue her praiſe, thy pen her thanks.

So vaniſht ſhee, and left mee to returne,
To proſecute the tenor of my woes:
Eternall matter for my Muſe to mourne,
But (ah) the world hath heard too much of thoſe,
My youth ſuch errors muſt no more diſcloſe.
Ile hide the reſt, and grieue for what hath beene,
who made me known, muſt make me liue vnſeene.

FINIS.